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JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE brief narrative of Jephthah and his daughter, contained in little more than one chapter of the book of Judges, has elicited not a little discussion. The sacrifice of a daughter by her father, in compliance with a rash vow, is so abhorrent to the feelings of humanity, that some have attempted to prove, that instead of being sacrificed as a burnt offering, she was only dedicated to a life of virgin celibacy. This seems to us a fancy which nothing in the narration justifies. Perhaps writers are led to this exposition of the account, by a desire to free the Bible from an imputation of sanctioning cruelty; a sanction supposed to be found in the simple absence of any condemnatory remark by the sacred penman. But the Bible student should be aware that in the historic parts of the sacred volume, where wrong is visited by no special judgments, the writers give only facts without moral comments. In brevity of narration and rigid adherence to simple facts, as they occurred, leaving the reader to judge of their moral character by instructions gained from its preceptive parts, the historical books of the Bible are peculiar. From the mere absence of expressed condemnation, no inference is to be drawn of the divine approbation of any act. Even in relation to the sins of David, the historian makes not a remark of his own—he simply details facts.

We have no occasion then to wrest from its obvious meaning, the simple narration of this tragic event. There is nothing to restrain us

from judging of it according to its real moral character.

Jephthah was an illegitimate child of a base woman. He had for this reason been driven by his brethren away from the land of his fathers. What his early character may have been, we have little means of judging. But we may well infer, that brought up, probably, by such a mother, there was a want of that moral training which would insure virtuous and religious principles. If his early life had been vicious, it was but the natural result of his parentage. That he possessed talents and courage of no ordinary stamp, is evident from his brief history. And these may have awakened envious feelings with his brethren, and uniting with other causes may have produced his banishment. It is not unlikely that he became the head of a band of outlaws, and acquired character as a warrior by his successes. He probably became a religious man before being called to head the army of Israel against the children of Ammon. There is no reason to believe that he had ever been an idolator, though the Jews, at this period, were frequently drawn away to the worship of the heathen deities of surrounding nations. But with his religion a large share of superstition was evidently intermingled. Of the power of the true God, and of his controlling Providence, and of his own dependence upon him, he was well aware. But of the moral attributes of this Being; of the true character of his law, and of the acts of devotion

which would be pleasing to him, he was certainly to some extent—probably to a very great extent—ignorant. His vow was clearly a superstitious attempt to purchase the favor of the Almighty for his enterprise.

The period of Jephthah's life was a gloomy one in the annals of the Jewish nation. Only enough of the history of this people, during a long series of years under the judges, has come down to us to make visible the moral and intellectual darkness. Around them the nations were sunk in the grossest idolatry and superstitions, and while they themselves by turns acknowledged Jehovah as their Lord, we have no reason to believe that his law, in its spirituality, had any strong influence on their hearts. That a man born at such a period, of such parentage, with a childhood and youth probably so neglected, and in after years leading a life at the head of what now would be termed a lawless banditti, should have, with his religion, a large infusion of superstition, cannot be surprising. It was this that led to the rash vow and to its impious fulfilment.

A father sacrificing his own daughter as an acknowledgment of favor received from the merciful God, who had said amidst the thunders of Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill!" True Religion is clothed in garments of mercy and loveliness. It teaches the heart the tenderest sympathy, and awakens its kindest emotions. It binds man to his fellow by the ties of affection. Good will to men is its ever present, active spirit. It substitutes in the human heart the gentleness of the lamb for the cruelty of the tiger. It sanctifies the affection between parent and child, and warms it into heavenly ardor. It binds together the family by ties blessed with Heaven's seal. It brings the soul into rapt communion with infinite purity and love. But superstition is earth in its grossness, struggling to inherit heaven in its glory. It would not win the joys of the upper world by meekness, but would purchase them with a price. It vainly hopes to win the favor of the Almighty by deeds of penance:—by self-inflicted torture to atone for moral guilt. It impiously points the great Creator to the gashes and rents of the flesh, to the quivering nerves, to the sundered ties of family and affection, as merits by which a place in his celestial courts is to be won. It does not sanctify, but it destroys nature in the heart. Spurning unbought mercy, it comes with abominations in its hand to purchase the favor of Jehovah. Mistaking the true God, it enthrones a demon of cruelty in his

place, and offers on his altar the bloody sacrifices of Moloch.

We cannot, even at this distant day, but mourn that the light of the true religion had not sufficient power to drive out the darkness of superstition in Jephthah's mind. A better instructed conscience had saved his heart a pang which all the honors clustering on his head could not assuage. A daughter—an only child, to be offered up by a father's hand a bloody sacrifice! That indeed was a piety of no ordinary depth, however mistaken, which could induce a girl in the bright morning of life, when her father, from being an outcast, had just been raised to the highest power in Israel, to voluntarily forego all the promised joys of earthly existence, in compliance with the mistaken ideas of her father's duty. She asks but two months to wander up and down on the mountains and to sigh with vain regrets that in being cut off, she leaves her father childless—with no descendant on whom his name or his honors may descend. Her filial obedience—her readiness to be offered up as a burnt sacrifice rather than permit her father to break his vow, might well excite the deep sympathies of the Jewish maidens. There was, doubtless, some sustaining influence in the conviction in Jephthah's mind, that he was performing a religious duty in taking the life of a lovely and only child; but the iron must have entered his soul. He survived this cruel sacrifice only six years. It is not unlikely, that the nerves of the warrior, though strong enough to make this bloody offering, yet received a shock from which no art or medicine could restore them. If the story of his future life could be told us, we might learn that wasting grief preyed on his heart till the vital energies yielded in the conflict. That daughter in her living features, in the loveliness of her filial affection, and in her cruel death, must have been ever present to his mind. Sleeping or waking—at home or in the field of battle, she must have been in vision before him.

And where is the father when he looks on the joyous faces of his young family around him—where is the daughter reading in her father's eyes the tokens of his warm affection—the mother as she presses the infant to her bosom—the brother as he gazes with joyous pride on the glowing cheeks of a sister, but will bless God that his word has banished the superstition which might at once sunder all these hallowed ties? Contrasting the present with the dark ages of the past—our own Chris-

tian land and institutions with the lands where Moloch and Juggernaut yet reign, we may well clasp the sacred volume to our hearts as the *magna charta* of present joys and future hopes

—as rich in blessings for the life that now is, and still richer in its promises of the life which is yet to come.

A WIFE'S WELCOME.

"The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life Is the unclouded welcome of a wife."

I BELIEVE *that* with all my heart. I have tasted some of the sweets of life, and with as keen a relish for them as any one, but I sign to the above declaration, and do not care to know the man who calls it in question.

That *welcome* has reclaimed many a wanderer on the verge of ruin; has preserved many, who, but for it, would have gone astray; given life and peace to the heart of many a son of toil and care, and made the cot of the poor an Eden.

The *want of it* has driven many a man to the bowl, the gaming table, the company of the dissolute, to hell. It has made many a home a prison, many a husband an enemy, many a father a tyrant; many children fatherless, and many wives widows, whose fathers or husbands yet live. And when I see a man, neglecting a lovely looking wife, and seeking his pleasure in the haunts of sin, to know whether most to pity or to blame him, I wish to know if the wife of his bosom always gave him the unclouded welcome of a smile, when he entered his own door.

If she did, but he cared not for it—if she spread the wiles of her pure love to twine his heart, while he broke away from the sweet enchantment—if she made it sunshine always in the house, and was cheerful in adversity as well as gay in hours of joy—if she strove to be an angel at the gate to keep him within the Eden that she loved, while he would yield to the song of the Syren and wander from the arms that embraced him, to seek the embrace of others even of the abandoned, then *he* is a villain hated of God and justly despised of men. And such are many of those whom we see in the road to ruin. The love of a fond wife would have saved them, but they rejected it and deserve to perish.

But if—and it is a serious *if*—if she meets him returning from his day's care and toil, in

the field or the shop, or the study, or the forum, or the senate (it matters not where or what his labors, he flies from them with joy to find repose and peace in the paradise of his own home); but if she whom he loves meets him without the joyous welcome of a glad heart and a sunlit eye, or with a frown, or a look of cold indifference, or the mere absence of delight; if she meets him *not* with the living, speaking, shining evidence that her heart leaps with gladness when its lord has come, it is not strange to me that his heart sinks, and he seeks for pleasures where he looks not for love. He can be happy without love abroad, but *home*, though a heaven full of angels, without love is hell.

"Love is a thing of frail and delicate growth; Soon checked, soon fostered, feeble and yet strong;

It will endure much, suffer long and bear What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,

And yet mount heavenward; but not the less It dieth of a word, a look, a thought; And when it dies, it dies without a sign To tell how fair it was in happier hours: It leaves behind reproaches and regrets, And bitterness within affection's well, For which there is no healing."

There is truth as well as poetry in this, and oft the domestic circle where poetry never had a worshipper, has felt the sad power of this truth. "A word, a look" has been the death-blow of love that shed bliss in that circle, and has driven a fond husband forth to seek relief for a wounded spirit in scenes that allure to destroy. Mrs. Ellis, in her "Wives of England," has most happily drawn the portrait of a wife as she should be, "A BEING TO COME HOME TO." It is not wit, nor beauty, nor wealth, nor religion, that makes a wife a crown of rejoicing to her husband. Nor all these combined. A wife may have them all and love her husband not; give him an unclouded welcome never; make his house no home.

"Oh! man may bear with suffering; his heart

Is a strong thing and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One cord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed."

When such a thought as this is put into print, the most of readers laugh at it, as the soft sentimentalism of a young poet, but every family has felt and proved its truth. If LOVE dwell not there, joy is also a stranger; and if LOVE hath his home in that house, "a word or look" may drive it far away. Thompson, the poet of nature, draws the picture of a happy family,

"Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will

With boundless confidence; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Another and a gentler bard has warbled in sweeter, but not more truthful numbers—

"When kindred hearts in rapture meet,
When e'en their plaintive sighs are sweet,
Then dwells celestial bliss below,
Then flies all thought of care or wo!
Then trip the hours o'er summer flowers;

Then life glides like a gentle stream;
Earth yields no bliss so sweet as this,

Though it sometimes fades like an earthly dream."

A dream! O how the memory of the loved and the lost comes up when the broken circle is thus brought back to the soul! And how sweet the thought that in that circle "no word, no look," e'er sent a pang to any heart—that every hour was a summer hour, and

every face the reflection of a bright spirit! How sweet,

"When sorrowing o'er some stone we bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,"

how sweet to know that the memory of an unkind word can never mar the joy we feel when the years of our intercourse with the departed recur to the mind! So let us live; so let us die; so let us remember those whom we loved and who have gone before us.

But whither have I wandered? It was of "the wife's welcome" that I began to write, and following the free current of thought, led by one poet and another, I have run on until the reader has probably left me to run alone. Once more, as the preacher saith, and I am done.

"There is a love that o'er the war
Of jarring passion pours its light,
And sheds its influence like a star
That brightest burns in darkest night.

"It is so true, so fixed, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath;
In the soul's flight 't is borne along
And holds the heart-strings e'en in death.

"'T is never quenched by sorrow's tide;—
No, 't is a flame caught from above,—
A tie that death cannot divide;—
'T is the bright torch of WEDDED LOVE.

"But there is one love, not of earth,
Though sullied by the streaming tear;
It is a star of heavenly birth,
And only shines unshaken there.

"'T is when this clay resigns its breath,
And the soul quits its frail abode,
That rising from the bed of death,
This love is pure—THE LOVE OF GOD."

THE CONFLICT OF AGES.

Among the many aspects in which the course of time and the events of history may be viewed, there is an advantage in contemplating them as constituting a great moral conflict, which had its commencement, progress and end, in connection with the destiny of mankind.

This contest turns mainly and primarily upon the infinite and eternal supremacy of God in his absolute and unchangeable kingdom. The unholy and unjust oppose this supremacy, while all the righteous rejoice in it. In connection with the plan of redemption, the con-

test concentrates around the cross and throne of the mediator. The vindication of Jehovah's supremacy, the illustration of his perfections; the destinies of immense armies of moral agents; and the settlement of transcendently important principles for eternal duration—this is the labor, the conflict, and the grand interest involved. The intellect of angels, men and devils, of saints and sinners, of sages and warriors, is all enlisted. The ages of time, the elements of nature, the rise and fall of empires, the movements of every atom, and the revolutions of every world,

are all controlled and directed in view of this majestic war.

This contest began in the rebellion of apostate angels against the moral government of God. When their rebellion was crushed, they were driven from heaven and doomed to endless woe. Yet for wise and benevolent reasons the Lord deferred their ultimate imprisonment a few thousand years, and they, being instigated with malice, induced the human race to unite in the sad revolt, involving us also in the same condemnation.

Accordingly, when Satan the arch apostate first prevailed in gaining over to his side the parents of our race, the Son of God, pursuing the counsels of Triune Deity, commenced that aggressive war upon the kingdom of darkness, which he has prosecuted until the present time with unrelenting vigor, and which he will eventually bring to a final and overwhelming issue.

The war between Christ and Satan may be represented as consisting of four grand campaigns, each including many fearful battles and innumerable combats between individuals in the conflicting armies. Two of these campaigns have already past. The third is drawing to a close; and the fourth and most terrible of them all, lies still before us.

The first campaign lasted about sixteen hundred years. Man being expelled from paradise, the Son in his Divine nature (for as yet he had not assumed the form of a servant) commenced his operations by proclaiming the pardon of sin to the repenting sinner of the human race; by establishing the system of expiatory sacrifices as typical of that which he was afterward to make, and by providing essential instruction for mankind through the natural transmission of patriarchal wisdom, and by special revelation of his will to venerable saints and prophets.

Against this merciful and distinguishing arrangement of sovereign grace, the original Tempter, excited to ungovernable rage, began a furious attack. He concentrated his skill against that bulwark of life, the family constitution, stirred up the elder brother to murder the younger, cut loose the bonds of domestic obligation, steeped the carnal mind in fast cleaving habits of wild voluptuousness, and roused his followers to deeds of ambition, violence and blood.

Strong, gigantic and aspiring men travelled through centuries of blasphemy and crime, scoffing at the church and baptizing the green earth with sanctified blood. Although the Me-

diator remonstrated by the ministry of Enoch and of Noah, and poured forth many impressive threatnings, and strove with men even by the Holy Spirit, and translated Enoch to the paradise above, yet the grand Decree succeeded to such an extent that all flesh corrupted his way upon the earth, and the duped and guilty race gathered itself in one mad phalanx against the Lord of Hosts. Then came the last dread battle of that fierce campaign. The divine Messiah, for wise purposes formed in view of the whole war and its vast results, having suffered this deadly foe to carry the standard of open and daring revolt in triumph round the world, now clothed himself with terror, and lifted up the flood-gates of his irresistible wrath. Having stationed Noah in the ark of gopher-wood, and having given his angels charge to waft it gently over the waters, he threw wide open the broad windows of Heaven and called aloud to the fountains of the great deep, that well knew his familiar voice, and beckoned to every crested ocean-wave that leaped impetuously at the sign, until reluctantly and frantic with many agonizing cries, the reeling globe went down beneath the careering waters, and every mountain top wagging its head, shook off the clinging multitudes of rebellious men among the gulphs of an everlasting destruction.

The second campaign in this war lasted about twenty-eight hundred years.

When the waters of the flood abated, the Messiah, having conducted the ransomed family of Noah from the summit of Ararat to the plains of Euphrates, shortened the time of human probation, re-established the patriarchal system, and prosecuted again his benevolent work.

Satan, in renewing his malicious attacks, cast his deadly javelins at the family of Noah, kindled the flame of ambition among the descendants of Ham, and prompted the race to erect the tower of Babel as a bond of union and centre of universal dominion. The Messiah beheld their madness, confounded their language, and drove them asunder. The corruptions of the ante-diluvian world were concentrated again upon the plains of Sodom, but the avenging Messiah overwhelmed them with exterminating fire.

The arch-apostate, defeated in his plans of native and savage attack, now invented a great engine of opposition, in the system of pagan idolatry. It was a deep-laid scheme, in which all the tact, genius and malice of hell were employed. As the conscience of mankind demanded

some object of religious worship, they arrayed before them the names of departed heroes, allured them to gaze with reverential wonder upon the orbs of Heaven, and even set forth their own foul natures as objects of fear and veneration. In the days of Abraham, the system of idolatry had gained possession of the world.

The Saviour then called Abraham from Chaldaea, made a covenant with him for all generations, settled his posterity in the land of Canaan, made them the depositaries of the true religion, contended against their enemies, chastised Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Tyre, and preserved the tribe of Judah till the advent of Christ. At the time appointed he came, an infant in a manger of Bethlehem. The eye of Satan watched his coming. The infants of Bethlehem were slain, but the Messiah was preserved. Satan tempted him forty days in the wilderness, but tempted in vain. The infatuated Jews put him to death on the cross. The crucified Saviour rose again. He ascended on high, commanded his disciples to proclaim forgiveness of sins to all mankind, attended the proclamation with the influences of his Spirit and punished hardened Jerusalem, and established his church in the most important nations of the world. Satan rallied in behalf of trembling idolatry the energies of the Roman Empire. She enfolded the gods of the heathen in her protection, and poured the storms of ten persecutions on the suffering church. Yet from the martyrs' stake, and from the amphitheatre of wild beasts, the testimony of the saints rose clear and strong, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ is his Son." The flames of martyrdom could not quench that cry. The gods of the Pantheon looked wild at its power, the whole fabric of idolatry trembled until a Constantine ascended the throne of the Cæsars; rank after rank of the old deities vanished, and the dominion of Pagan idolatry over the civilized world was destroyed for ever.

The third campaign, which is now in progress, will last twelve hundred and sixty years from the time it commenced.

Satan having beheld the destruction of his old scheme of pagan idolatry, now invented a deeper plot. Availing himself of that corruption in the church which he had fostered for a long time, he invented the system of Mahomedan imposture and of papal usurpation. Bowing with much reverence before the throne, he acknowledged, for the whole civilized world acknowledged, that there was but one God, and that Jesus Christ is his Son. But he said to the West, the Pope is the vicegerent of Christ

on earth; while over the East he waved the banner, there is no God but God and *Mahomet* is his prophet. Thus yielding the points for which he had contended for twenty-eight hundred years, he invented two new lies, and with them renewed the battle. From century to century the nominal church sunk deeper and deeper in superstition. Voluptuousness, scarcely surpassed by the antediluvians or the Sodomites; a worship of saints, which was but a little better than the old worship of fabulous deities; an awful obscuration of the written and preached word of God; an utter prostration of the liberty of conscience, of human rights and of the grand purposes of the gospel; a virulence of persecution which not all the malice of Paganism surpassed; these were the terrible features of that grand mystery of iniquity; that studied scheme of soul destruction; that most abhorrent child of diabolical ingenuity, by which the malignant foe carried forward his plans of ruin over the countries which acknowledged the power of the Roman See. The great Messiah recorded the testimony of his faithful martyrs, remembered their fervent prayers, and let his trembling church issue into deep wildernesses, and amidst the ravines of iron-hearted mountains, preserving her life in lofty fastnesses, and hidden valleys, and eternal Alpine snows.

The voice of Huss, of Wickliffe and others, was heard and then died away—until the voice of Luther was finally awakened and found hearty response; until the noble army of the Reformation came forth, and the continent of Europe shook in the strife and battle, both intellectual and physical, which they waged, and now the twelve hundred and sixty years are nearly expired. Destruction will descend upon popery. Her strength is undermined, and she cannot live in the progress of freedom and science. Rome will be destroyed. Christianity will be thoroughly restored. The Mahomedan will be confounded and his power overthrown. The Jew will behold these changes, and the veil shall be taken away, and he shall believe. Then shall uncivilized nations be instructed. The old Dragon shall be bound a thousand years. Universal contempt during all that period will be heaped upon the memory of Satan. The generations of the world shall all be moulded by the spirit of the gospel; the patriarchal times shall be reinstated, and the rose of Eden bloom again for man.

The fourth campaign will succeed the millennium, and will be of indefinite, yet brief and terrible duration.

When the thousand years are finished, Satan will be loosed from his prison, and the last great conflict will begin. The time during which this campaign continues will be occupied in a great decisive battle, issuing in the final judgment and the end of the world. In the twentieth chapter of Revelations we are informed, that Satan will be successful in deceiving the nations, and gathering them together against the saints of the Lord. While we are assured that this season will be brief, the time of its termination is not revealed. Should the sovereign grace of God be withheld, and the pious be generally removed by death, the generations of mankind would soon be fitted for destruction. What will be the particular form of attack which Satan will then adopt we cannot surmise, but it will undoubtedly be adapted, as were those that preceded it, to the state of mankind. The great harvest of redemption being gathered in, these scoffing generations will ridicule the promise of the Saviour's coming. Vast multitudes of evil men will be leagued against the remnant of the Church. Careless security will flourish. Riot and revelry will desecrate day and night; the language of obscene blasphemy become popular, and God be treated as if all his plans had failed. Then suddenly shall the sign of the Son of Man be visible in the heavens. The cords of nature will re sever with fear, and the earth shudder at the advent of her Maker. Overwhelming alarm will sit in awful paleness on the faces of the foe. Rolling the heavens together as a scroll, calling the dead to life—summoning every devil and every man around the great white throne, he will burn up the world and bring the mad battles of many ages to a final close. Then will the divine Mediator present his ransomed before the Eternal Father, and display them in their polished and perfect holiness as monuments of celestial grace and trophies of his glorious and benevolent triumph. In their hearts he will show the great principles of eternal truth for ever established, in their redemption by his blood; he will show the majesty of su-

preme law eternally honored; and through them before the astonished universe, shall the sublime glories of the great triune nature be displayed. Thus shall the great contest of ages result in the complete overthrow of Satan, and of all his incorrigible fiends, and the greatest victory conceivable, of all those principles and purposes which were blended in the wonderful idea of the Christ, in the person and mission of Emanuel.

The survey of the Conflict of Ages which we have taken, prompts the inquiry, proper to every living man, "What part am I acting in this great contest? Of each one it must be said that his influence is either on the side of truth or falsehood, and of Christ or Satan. If we are approaching the third overthrow of Satan, the termination of the third campaign, then we have great obligations to discharge to ourselves and families, to our country and the church, and especially to the poor Romanists themselves. We must be awake to these obligations. We must study them deeply before God. We must consider how great things the Redeemer has suffered for us, and we must determine to place ourselves among his soldiers, to gird on all the armor, and to acquit ourselves in every trial and in every battle with fidelity and zeal. The conflict, so far as we are concerned, will soon be over. When we have gone to our rest, others will stand in our places, and the great contest will go on until the time appointed. Over our graves, if we are faithful, shall be sung in a loftier sense than the bard intended, the memorable words—

"Here sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

THE LITTLE FOXES.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

UNMINGLED good pertains not to this sublunary state. The thornless rose is an exotic from the celestial paradise. No Eden now exists upon the earth. The earth is cursed for man's transgression. The voice has gone forth—"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Labor and care, pain and sorrow, are the portion of man in this lower world. Beautiful as the season is, it brings with it its cares and its dangers. Within or near the fairest bower of earthly pleasures, some syren ever lurks.

In the vineyards of the east, so grateful to the eye, and so laden with delicious fragrance in the season of bloom, may be seen a lodge, or watch-tower, such as Isaiah speaks of in his fifth chapter, and the Saviour in the twenty-first of Matthew. This lodge, or tower, is rendered necessary, on account of the depredations to which the vineyard is exposed from man and beast. A keeper or watchman must be stationed there, to prevent the approach of all marauders. In the beautiful Song of Solomon, the spouse is heard to say—"They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." A recent traveller observes, "that, in the route between Jerusalem and the convent of St. Elias, he was particularly struck with the appearance of several small and detached square towers in the midst of the vineyards. These, his guide informed him, were used as watch-towers whence watchmen to this day look out, in order to guard the produce of the lands from depredation."

Of these marauders none are more destructive than the foxes. When the grapes are yet tender, they prowls about in large packs, and commit great depredations in the vineyards. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." "Foxes," says the bishop of Ely, "are observed by abundance of authors to love grapes, and to make great devastations in vineyards; inasmuch that Aristophanes compares soldiers to foxes, spoiling whole countries, as they do vineyards." The introduction of these intruders is an admirable feature in Solomon's beautiful poem. In their lovely excursion among the hills and

vales in the neighborhood of the city of David, to which the spouse is invited by the bridegroom, these depredations are discovered. The vines have been injured, and the "tender grapes" destroyed. Indignant at the discovery, the bridegroom interrupts the course of love, and the strains of tender endearment, with the charge to the keepers of the vineyard, to keep a strict watch for the foxes; and, if possible, to reduce their number by capture and death.

This graphic incident may serve the purpose of putting us on our guard amid the blandishments and delights of the season, when Nature is arrayed in so many charms. When the "tender grapes" appear in clusters on the vine, peculiar watchfulness is required of the keeper of the vineyard, lest they be injured by the roaming herd, or blasted as it were in the bud. When the garden becomes verdant and fragrant with plants and flowers, the rain and sunshine make the weeds also to grow apace. Thorns and thistles are nourished by the same soil that supports the corn and the wheat. The little songsters, whose cheerful notes enliven and gladden the heart, devour also the freshly-sown seed, or feed upon the tender shoot. Care and watchfulness are never more needed than when vegetation is most luxuriant.

The blessings of the season come not alone. The rain that refreshes the parched earth, and revives the thirsty plant and shrub, the flower and the fruit-tree, at times comes down in torrents from the frowning thunder-cloud, as, in concussion with its fellow, the cloud sends down its streaming lightning, to consume the hope and the home of the husbandman. The sun, that, shining in its strength, brings forward and ripens the waving grain, exhales, at the same time, from the stagnant pool and the marshy meadow, a noxious vapor that loads the air with pestilence. If

"The queen of the spring, as she passed o'er the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale."

she also led along in her train a host of disorders, that, nurtured on her bosom, are left to feed and fatten among the flowers and the fruits.

The voice of the season is, therefore, a voice

not only of joy and of hope, but of warning also. It teaches us to take heed to our ways, lest, in this season of song, and this spring-tide of hope, our hearts be beguiled by the syren voices of alluring fairies, and deluded by "the pleasures of sin."

The coming of summer reminds us of "the little foxes" that, in other years, have "spoiled the vines and consumed the "tender grapes." It reminds us of the parching of the earth, the withering of the flowers, the failure of the rippling streams, the drying up of the fountains, the absence of the rain from heaven, the scantiness of the dew, the raging of a cloudless sun, and the fury of the solar heat, when

"O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze."

It reminds us, in a word, of the withering, burning drought that so frequently in summer spreads over the hills and vales of the Lord's own heritage. The "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," with which Zion is so abundantly favored at other seasons of the year, is to a great extent withheld in summer. As little, for the most part, do the churches expect a season of revival at midsummer, as they look for "the cold of snow in the time of harvest." The one would be thought as untimely as the other.

But why may we not as confidently seek and expect such a season of the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit now, as in the more forbidding and gloomy seasons of the year? Why must this summer pass away, and the "Christian Parlor" be opened for every visitor but the Holy Ghost? Why should the families, into which our humble periodical finds its way and is welcomed, have no occasion to welcome the coming of the Holy One of Israel on a special embassy of mercy, till after the autumnal harvests have been gathered in?

Is it because the nature of religion undergoes a change as the sun rises to the zenith? Or is it because there is less need for the visits of the Spirit, and the display of redeeming love to a sinful race? Or, because disease and death discontinue their ravages, and the tomb has closed its awful portals? Or can it be because the Almighty himself is oppressed with the exhaustion of the season, and, like the Baal of old "is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked?"

No, certainly, you will say at once. Why, then, the absence of the Spirit? Revivals have been enjoyed in summer, and may be again. A

spiritual harvest may be reaped in this portion of the year, as well as a harvest of grain. But every season has its advantages and disadvantages. There are difficulties peculiar to the summer as well as the winter. The one may and must be met and overcome as well as the other.

While the nature and need of religion, the truth and promises of God, and the love of the Spirit, all remain the same, man himself is somewhat changed. His physical system is affected by a change of circumstances, and he is overpowered by peculiar temptations. He is placed in a position that calls for more than common exertion and watchfulness. There are "little foxes," in his vineyard, "that spoil the vines" and destroy the "tender grapes."

The body and mind are both affected by the state of the atmosphere. In summer, or during the greater part of the hot season, the very air that we breathe is enervating to the whole physical frame. Oppressed with the raging heat, the body languishes, and to think is pain. At times, for days and weeks together, the torrid rays of an almost vertical sun dry up the very moisture, as it were, of the wearied soul. How often, while the dog-star reigns, are we ready to exclaim with the poet of "The Seasons," "All-conquering heat! Oh! intermit thy wrath, And on my throbbing temples potent thus Beam not so fierce. Incessant still you flow, And still another servent flood succeeds, Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, And restless turn and look around for night, Night is far off, and hotter hours approach."

In such a state of the atmosphere it requires peculiar exertion—an exertion to which the soul is greatly indisposed—in order to retain, or hold fast that which we have.

But such is not always, nor in our climate, for a great portion of the season, the condition of the atmosphere. It is frequently very balmy, and sometimes bracing and invigorating. Then another difficulty arises. The beauty of the weather, and the lengthening of the day, invite the husbandman and others to protracted labor. Man toils more in summer than in winter, and rests less. Though the day at midsummer is, including the twilight, nearly seventeen hours long in this latitude, man continues his work, with but little interruption, "from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof."

Are we not at fault in thus prolonging the season of labor, and leaving so small a portion of time for spiritual duties, for which, small as is the proportion of time, we have almost unfitted ourselves by the exhaustion of the day? Is

not meditation, and prayer and a devout perusal of the word of God, as indispensable to spiritual cultivation and profit in the summer as well as the winter? Or must we, to use an old proverb, "make hay while the sun shines?" Such is, in truth, our practice. The farmer and the mechanic can seldom eat an evening-meal, while the sun is above the horizon, or, at least, can seldom cease from labor until the sun has gone to his rest.

But there must be some limit to this practice. In higher latitudes the sun is not so soon wearied in his race. In St. Petersburg, and the regions round about, the midsummer-day has scarcely closed, before the night is at an end. "The night cometh and also the morning." "At that season," says a recent traveller, "there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down; and all nature falls into stillness and repose, while it is yet light. You seem to be in a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen anywhere, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel with his grey coat and musket." In those regions the necessity is felt of measuring and limiting the hours of labor by some other standard than the shining of the sun. Were a similar course adopted among ourselves, it would, doubtless, be productive of great good to soul and body both. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

All, however, are not obliged to toil, nor do they. But whether they toil or not, the season exposes them to peculiar temptations. During a portion of the warmer months, it is a hardship to be shut up within doors. The voice of nature invites abroad. Excursions of pleasure have strong attractions for many; whether on foot, or on the ambling horse, or in the easy carriage, or swifter car, in the pleasure-boat, or on the steamer along the lovely shores of the winding stream, or inland sea. The angler and the fowler now seek their favorite recreation. The public walks and pleasure-grounds are now the chosen resort of many. The mild and cooling air of the summer-eve invites the lover and his mistress, and the not less-loving husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, as well as the scholar and his philosophic friend, to leave the confined and heated air of their dwellings, and while away the hours in a pleasant ramble. As, too, the sultriness of the season increases,

and the body becomes enfeebled by "servent floods" of sunbeams, they that can, are wont to seek, in some fashionable place of resort, far from home and all its fond and profitable associations, some relaxation from toil, and repose from care. By constant, close and peculiar devotion to business in the spring, the merchant becomes completely absorbed, and all his energies exhausted. During the remainder of the season, therefore, he is compelled to seek some retirement, or to journey for weeks and months, in order to recruit his wasted energies for another similar business-season in autumn. How can he be expected to engage in the spiritual duties of a Christian profession, with a body and mind so unfitted for intellectual exertion?

Such are some of the hindrances to the cultivation of the Christian graces at the present season of the year. They operate sometimes imperceptibly, but with deplorable certainty among the disciples of Jesus. The result is seen in the decline of personal and family religion. The closet gives evidence that the languor of the body and mind has seized upon the heart. The morning prayer is hurried over, lest the hour for the commencement of labor should be invaded with the exercises of devotion. The evening finds the body jaded, the mind exhausted, and the spirit barren. Almost asleep, the wearied worshipper repeats the accustomed words of prayer, and without emotion or desire sinks upon his pillow, and is soon fast locked in profound repose.

Not less disastrous are the results upon the religion and worship of the household. But above all, the social exercises of devotion suffer. The sacred place "where prayer is wont to be made," that, in the season of frost and snow, is crowded with disciples, and filled at once with the breath of prayer and the presence of the Holy Ghost, is now almost deserted. The wheels of labor and of trade must not be stopped because the house of prayer is nigh at hand. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening," and pleads scripture for the continuance of his toils. Not till

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
And lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world ———"

too late to reach the house of God, or the humbler chamber where two or three are met together to seek a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." When the fire burns low upon

the altar, when the fragrant incense that is wont to rise to Heaven is withheld, and when "the ways of Zion do mourn," because almost "none come to the solemn feasts," then it is, that a voice may be heard, exclaiming—"Ye mountains of Gilboa! let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you." "Like the heath in the desert," and "the parched places in the wilderness," the Lord's heritage is forsaken and becomes desolate, when the Lord himself is forgotten, or his sanctuary deserted.

Under such influences, and with no heart to resist them, the backslidden Christian may say in the descriptive language of the prince of poets—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." In an unguarded hour, "the little foxes" have entered and spoiled the vines. The "tender grapes," that with proper care would have swollen to their full growth, and in rich ripe clusters made glad the heart, have been torn from the branch, and trampled under foot.

But what is to be done? Is there no remedy? Assuredly the promise is as applicable now as at any other season of the year—"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." A part of these unpropitious circumstances we can by no means

control. To these we must submit, while we seek, in peculiar need, peculiar grace. But some of the hindrances are of our own devising. These must be overcome. However great the temptation to engage in protracted labor, or relaxing pleasures, we must be scrupulously careful lest we unfit ourselves for the duties of the closet, the devotions of the household, or the more public worship of God. The laborer must leave his work while the sun is still up, and prepare himself for communion with his Saviour. The Christian must act on principle, and not by the fitful impulse of the hour. The time that he has so wantonly wasted, when

"The softening air is balm,
And every sense and every heart is joy,"

he must, as he values his spiritual good, religiously redeem. The young convert, who, when the north poured forth its fury, through rain and sleet and snow-storms, sought the sanctuary, and found his Saviour there, must now be as earnest and as untiring, "when the south wind blows softly," and the summer sun "russets the plain." Let him remember the injunction of the Lord of the vineyard—"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

VERSAILLES.

BY C. W. BAIRD.

THE spot now occupied by the city and palace of Versailles, was in the time of Louis XIII. a vast forest. That monarch, disgusted with the pomp and splendor of his court, was in the habit of often abandoning it and seeking amusement in the chase. As he was one day hunting in the forest, he chanced to pass over the site of the present palace, where there was then nothing but an old wind-mill, and, struck with the beauty of its situation, ordered a small building to be erected there as a rendezvous when he was fatigued during his excursions. Here he spent much of his time, with but little of the magnificence which adorned his royal

dwelling in the capitol. His successor, Louis XIV., frequently visited Versailles, and improved it greatly. In 1673, he began to build a new palace at the same place; and throughout his whole reign he took pleasure in increasing its magnificence. Millions of francs were lavished on it and on its grounds. Finally he removed his court to Versailles, where he resided the rest of his life.

It was in his bed-chamber at Versailles that this dissolute monarch expired in such agony; and when the tidings of his death were brought to his courtiers who were assembled in the council-room adjoining, waiting with impatience to

hear of his decease, they hastened away to welcome the child who succeeded him to the throne with the shout, "The king is dead;—God save the king!"—And the corpse of the "great Louis" was deserted by the troop of vile flatterers who had encouraged him while living in his vices. The bed in which he died is still to be seen, with the desk before which he prayed. Above this room is the clock, which always points to the hour of the death of the last monarch.

From the palace of Versailles issued those decrees which caused the blood of the Protestant martyrs to flow throughout the whole land. There, also, was the famous Edict of Nantes, which had secured the liberties of the Protestants in France since the days of Henry IV., revoked by the same tyrant, at the instigation of his confessor, Father La Chaise. But these awful persecutions found their equally awful retribution in the bloody revolutions which ensued.

In the reign of Louis XV., this palace was the scene of the greatest dissoluteness. Monarch and courtiers were plunged in the very lowest vices, which were covered with the mask of royalty. The city of Versailles, which had been built since the translation of the court from the Louvre in Paris to this palace, and which then contained a mixed population of about eighty thousand souls, became a resort of the vilest men of the kingdom, nay, of Europe, and obtained nearly as bad a reputation as that of Paris did in the reign of Henry III.

When the infuriated populace of Paris arose, in the beginning of the French Revolution, and resolved that they would suffer no longer, it was to Versailles that they hastened in immense crowds, threatening the monarch with their vengeance, and demanding bread. The mass gathered before the palace, making the air resound with their shouts; they broke into the halls, and rushed to the queen's bedroom, whence the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette had barely escaped by a private door before they entered, and, in their fury at finding that she had fled, struck their bayonets and daggers into the bed. But by this time, Lafayette, who commanded the troops, had arrived with them from Paris, and he repressed the attacks of the multitude. At that moment they called loudly to see the queen; Lafayette led her out with him on the balcony before them; he bowed to her and kissed her hand; and the fickle crowds were touched and appeased at the spectacle.

The palace ceased from that time to be inha-

bited, till Napoleon visited it as emperor. Louis and his consort returned no more; they were led that day to Paris, where they soon expiated the crime of royalty.

When Louis Philippe ascended the throne of France, he found the palace of Versailles in a desolate and dilapidated condition. To restore it to its former style of magnificence did not agree with the spirit of his people, for the extravagance with which Louis XIV. and his successor had adorned it was one of the causes of the French revolution. He therefore formed the plan of making it a great gallery of paintings of the history of the nation, and dedicating it, as it is inscribed in large letters on each wing of the palace, "To all the glories of France." This splendid plan has since been carried into effect; and the innumerable paintings and the statuary contained in it have been executed by some of the greatest artists of the age.

When Louis XIV. erected this palace, he left standing a part of the ancient chateau of his predecessors, which was of brick, and lengthened it on each side. It is an immense building, and before the revolution is said to have often contained several thousands of souls.

The gallery is entered at the right wing, where stands the chapel in which Bossuet, Massillon, and other famous priests of the seventeenth century preached. A remarkable painting can be seen on the ceiling of the chapel, in which God the Father is represented in the likeness of Louis XIV.!

On the right commences the gallery of paintings, beginning with the baptism of Clovis, and continuing through the reign of all the kings of France down to the revolution. On one side of this long suite of rooms is the hall of Statuary, executed by the great sculptors of the age—among which is a statue of Joan of Arc, by Princess Marie, a daughter of Louis Philippe, now dead. On the second story are represented the great events in the history of Napoleon, and of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the present monarch. The paintings of the victories of Bonaparte are remarkably fine. In the centre of the palace is the famous Hall of Mirrors, once the most splendid royal saloon in France; on the left of which is the "Salle des Pendules," in which took place, among other great events, the signing of peace between France and England, in which the independence of the United States was recognized. The portrait of Washington is met with several times; one is excellent, and was executed by our well-known painter, Healy. The respect and esteem which the pre-

sent king of France entertains towards the character of the Father of our country is well known.

In front of the palace is a large square, on both sides of which are public buildings, and which contain statues of the great generals of France. In the centre of this square is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

The royal gardens of Versailles are very beautiful. A large terrace extends before the palace, which is adorned with fine statuary. On the left is the Orangerie, or garden of orange trees; in front are several beautiful fountains, beyond which a fine avenue leads to a large canal. The rarest and sweetest flowers are found here, and it is the resort of the most fashionable people of Paris. The fountains, of which there are a great many in the garden, are supplied with water by an aqueduct, which was built by Louis XIV. at a great expense.

The city is surrounded on all sides by woods, which are very agreeable in the summer season. The town itself is very pleasant, and is much visited by strangers as well as by the citizens of Paris. There is much to invite thither, besides the interest connected with the palace and its gardens.

At some distance from the town is the palace of the Trianon, which was the favorite seat of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. This small chateau is surrounded by a fine park, in which is a little Swiss village, which was built under the directions of that unhappy queen. She used often to visit it with her husband; and, dressed in the costume of Swiss peasants, they amused themselves in that simplicity which gives happiness to the poor man, but which failed of giving it to his royal imitators.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.]

BY M. M. HACKUS.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

BURN'T of loam the mould is ready,
Firmly fashion'd in the earth,
Hither! comrades, cool and steady,
Now the Bell must have its birth.
From the glowing brow
Sweat must freely flow,
When for praise the artist seeketh—
Yet 'tis God the blessing speaketh.

But while the east we earnest hasten,
'Twere well to wake the earnest song:
For while discourse the heart doth chasten,
Cheerily moves the work along.
Then list to me with care o'ertracing
The fital states of feeble man;
Nor play the fool, vain shadows chasing,
And heeding not thy narrow span.
'Tis thought that high uplifts the mortal,
And wisdom is our first estate;
For at the heart's most inner portal
Man reads the types his hands create.

Grasp the pine-wood, quick to kindle,
Choose the billets tinder-dry,
Then the flames will blaze and spindle,
Leaping to the roof on high.
Bars of copper boil,
Add the tin in foil,
Blithely let the tough bell-metal
Seethe and bubble in the kettle.

Deep from the dam our hands are bringing
The shape of molten lava run,
Which, high within the belfry swinging,
Shall speak of us, when life is done.
'Twill last, while sun and moon have motion,
And ring upon the million's ear,
Responsive to the choir's devotion,
Or chiming with the mourner's tear.
And every gay or gloomy token,
To sons of Earth that Fate may bring,
Shall from his metal-crown be spoken,
And sweetly from his throat shall ring.

Silver bubbles, lo! are springing,
 Ha! 'tis all a molten flood!
 Haste, the potash quickly bringing,
 Dash in to heal his fiery blood!
 From the refuse free
 Let the fusion be;
 Then from pure and spotless metal
 Clear and full it rings its prattle.

With peals of joy it hails the festal.
 And greets the babe in freshest bloom,
 In slumber's arms, that, pure as vestal,
 Begins his journey—to the tomb.
 The womb of time his fate concealeth,
 The gay scenes and the gloomy sealeth:
 A mother's love, his smiles adorning,
 Lone watches o'er his golden morning—
 Years arrow-fleet are rushing on;
 From woman's arms to storm and danger,
 The proud boy wildly hastes to roam,
 And—wand'ring o'er the earth a stranger—
 A stranger's staff conducts him home.
 But glittering in full maiden beauty,
 Pure as a spirit from above,
 With blushing cheek and heart of duty,
 Before him stands—the dream of love!
 A nameless thought his soul entrances,
 His young heart heaves apart to roam,
 He flies his brother's noisy dances
 To weep his swelling tears alone.
 And blushing all her steps he traces,
 Joy lives alone within her smile;
 For flower and gem o'er fields he races,
 And thinks to deck his love the while.
 O, tender hope! sweet expectation!
 Thou golden age of first-born love—
 Bursts on the eye a new creation,
 And hearts with speechless raptures move.
 O, would thy days of May-day flowers
 Might even bloom for love's young hours!

See! the pipes are brown already,
 Now I dip the stavelet in.
 If 'tis glazed, let all be ready,
 Then the casting must begin.
 Quick, my comrades, tell!
 Try the fusion well.
 When the hard with soft combineth,
 'Tis an omen Heaven designeth.

For when the strong sustains the weaker,
 And when the stern conjoins the meeker,
 Then ringeth out the noble song.
 For he, who frames eternal union,
 Should prove the hearts in true communion;
 The dream is short—repentance long!
 O'er the fair bride's ringlets twining
 Flowers in virgin-wreaths are pour'd,
 When the church-bells merrily chiming,
 Call them round the festal board.

Ah! this life's most beautiful festal
 Endeth also life's brief May;
 With the girdle of the vestal
 Tears the lovely dream away.
 For passion will fly,
 Though love be enduring;
 The blossoms must die,
 While fruit is maturing.
 The husband must battle
 With life and its anguish,
 Must toil and not languish.
 With planting and planning
 By stealth and by cunning,
 And win by a venture
 His fortune's indenture.

Then wealth unending pours in like a river,
 The rooms and the palace are widening ever,
 And granaries burst with the riches of Ind.

The modest wife reigneth,
 And indoors restraineth:
 The mother of children,
 Her circle she ruleth,
 With wisdom she schooleth;
 The maidens she teacheth,
 The lads she beseecheth,
 And plies without ceasing
 Her hand ne'er releasing,
 And hoardeth the gains
 With method and pains.

The sweet-scented lockers she filleth with treasure,

The swift whirling spindle she twirls at her leisure,

The smooth-polished cabinets fill and o'erflow
 With shimmering wool and then like snow;
 To the useful she addeth the beautiful ever,
 And resteth never.

Now the father with eye of delight
 From his mansion's far-seeing gable
 Enjoyeth the sight of his fortunes bright,
 Gazing on sheaves, full ripe for his table.
 And the sheds out-press'd with their burdens,
 And granaries teeming with guerdons,
 And corn-blades in huge billows waving.

The fool's lips utter menace—
 "Firm as earth's deep base,
 Spite of ill-luck's power
 Stands my house's dower."

Eternal Fate is ever snapping
 All the bonds of human trapping,
 And swift misfortune hasteth on.

Good! the founding now we warrant,
 The breach is jagged well below,
 But before we loose the torrent,
 Raise in Heaven one pious vow.

Strike the spigot loose!
 God preserve the house!
 Smould'ring fire-brown waves are gushing,
 Swift to the arching handle rushing.

And kindly serves the might of fire,
While man subdues and guards its ire.
For all he shapes in toil or dreams,
He oweth to this god-like means.
But fearful is this god-like means,
When bursting from its yielding chains
It ranges in its pathway wild
Ruthlessly, free nature's child.

Wo, when forked flames leap gladly,
Bursting where no barrier stands,
Through the peopled streets, and sadly
Rolling on their gleaming brands.
Then fierce elements gnash madly
At the works of human hands.

Clouds from Heaven
In full measures
Pour their treasures;
Scathful from the clouds and rash
Gleams the flash!
Heard ye it moaning from the tower?
The storm-clouds lower!
Red as blood

Is th' arch of Heaven.
Ah! 'tis not the daylight's flood!

Ether is riven
With the cries;
Dark billows rise.

Pillars high of flames ascending
Through the streets their red way wending;
Hot, as from the wide-mouth'd forges,
Glow the air; the steam disgorges;
Children moaning, timbers shatter,
Mothers roaming, windows clatter,
Howl the cattle,
Ruins rattle,

All is running, grasping, screaming,
Midnight clear as day is gleaming,
Through the files from hands so hardy—
None is tardy—

Flics the bucket: high o'erbending
Water-waves the engines sending,
Hideous howls the storm is blending,
Wings of wind are fanning flames,
Crackling in the well-dried grains;
O'er the garner rafters totter,
Fall and crash; the flames grow hotter,
Mighty blasts rush swift and bolder,

As to tear and gleam efface
Earth's huge volume from its base.

Now it climbs the zenith bolder,
Giant great!

In ruthless state
Gazes man on garner wasted—
Heavenly might his hopes have blasted—
Wildly watches as they smoulder.

Burnt and void
Looks the room,
Wild storms there now find a home:

'Stead of hollow casement cells
Horror dwells.
Clouds of Heaven, huge and darkling,
Peer on high.

One last look

Towards the tomb
Of his home
Sendeth now the master back—
Cheerily grasps his staff to roam;
Though stripp'd of all a life had won,
There's one sweet hope to him belonging;
He counts the faces quickly thronging,
Aha! not one dear child is gone.

Now within the earth 'tis taken,
Fittingly now the mould doth fill;
May 't in beauty soon awaken,
Paying for our toil and skill.
Ah! the cast may fail?
Should the mould be frail?
Ah! perchance e'en while we're hoping
Stealthy ill its way is groping.

To sacred earth's dark cave descending
Our handiwork in faith is lain,
E'en as the sower trusts the grain,
In hope, that soon the germ ascending
Will bless, as th' Increase-giver deign.
Far richer seeds do we inter,
Lamenting in earth's dismal tomb,
In hope they from the sepulchre
Will mount up to a lovelier doom.

From the turret
Sounds the bell
Its slow heavy
Fun'ral knell,
Sad attending with its solemn swelling
Some poor pilgrim to his narrow dwelling.

Ah! the wife, the dearest partner,
Gentle, true and trusty mother,
Whom the Prince of Shadows seizes
From a husband's fond embraces,
From the prattling infant throng
Whom she bore, when years were young;
Whom upon her breast she bare
Watching them with mother's care—
Ah! how sudden death doth sever
All the ties of hope and home;
Now that mother dwells for ever
In the shadowy land alone.
Glaz'd is now that eye propitious,
Now her care is powerless;
O'er the orphan'd house, capricious
Rules the stranger, lovingless.

While with heat the Bell is parting
Let the toilsome labor cease;
Like the birds 'mid branches darting,
Leap and carol, as you please.

With the rising stars
Die the servant's cares,
Hears the bursch the vesper swelling—
Care ne'er leaves the master's dwelling.

Through the forest wild and dreary
Homeward turns the pilgrim cheery,
Welcome home to spirits weary.
Homeward bleating turn the lambkins
And the oxen,
Glossy and with broadest frontlets,
Come on lowing,
Toward the well-known mangers going.

Heavily in
Creaks the wain,
Corn-beladen;
Wreath of roses
Soft reposes
On the sheaves;

Now the maid the dance's mazes
Gladly weaves.

Mart and valley now grow stiller,
Round the social flaming taper
Gathers now each cottager.

Darkness falleth
O'er the mountains,
But the guarded burgher palleth
Not at night;

Conscience aye the wicked calleth,
Law hath eyes for ever bright.

Holy order, rich in dower,
Heaven's daughter, by whose power
Equals are so wisely mated;
Who the walled town created;
Summon'd back from desert places
Savage man to law's embraces;
'Neath the lowly rude roof reaching,
Gentle truths its inmates teaching,
Holy flames untiring fann'd,
Our native love of Fatherland.

A thousand hearts in palpitation
Beat in sweetest rivalry;
Thus in burning emulation
Human powers their glory see.
'Neath their holy freedom's banner
Man and minion ply their toil,
Happy in his grade and manner
Each contemns the rabble's broil.
Service is the burgher's glory,
Heavenly boons his labor's prize:
Kings may boast the fame of story,
Ours the nimble hand and wise.

Sweetest Concord,
Love-impelling,
Tarry, tarry,
Kindly in this sacred dwelling.
Far, oh far th' accursed morning,
When fell hordes this valley through
Shall riot, peace and pity scorning.

When the heaven,
Whence the even's blushes parting
Lovely beam,
Shall, with fearful fires updarting
From the towns and villas, gleam.

Dash the mould for me in pieces,
It hath served its purpose well;
Feast the eye till it surceases
With the beauties of the Bell.
Swing the hammer, swing,
*Till the cover spring.
Piecemeal this outer model dies,
Ere the new-born Bell can rise.

The master may with wisest reason
Shatter the mould at fitting season;
But wo, when forth in torrents gushing
Self-loos'd the molten ore comes rushing;
With claps of thunder, blind-vibrating,
The rattling timbers crash about,
As when from hellish jaws escaping
Destruction spits her venom out.
Where might prevailleth, rude and senseless,
All form and shape are left defenceless;
When mobs do burst, what God decreed,
No welfare is the final need.

Wo, when, in the purlieus hidden,
Silent tinder volume gains,
When mobs, by naught but fury bidden,
Dash to earth their galling chains!
Then the tocsin, deep and lusty,
Re-echoes to the madd'ning shout;
The Bell, to chimes of peace thought trusty,
Now sounds the signal for the rout.

"Freedom, equality." They rally—
The peaceful burgher grasps his arms;
The streets are full, each square and alley—
Assassins prowl in ghastly swarms.
Then women to hyenas changing,
Foul bant'ring with the obscene jest,
Gnash their teeth and wildly ranging
Pant to tear their victim's breast.
Pure thoughts are fled, and fiendish passion
Hath broken all the bonds of shame;
The evil steals from good its fashion,
And vices all untrammell'd reign.
The lion growls, when he's awaken,
Ravenous is the tiger's fang:
But sadder far to be o'ertaken
With vengeance by a lawless gang.
Wo's them, who to such sightless wretches
The franchise torch-light e'er would trust—
For such it burns not—only catches,
And cities wraps in smould'ring dust.

Joy to me my God hath given.
Look! How like a star of gold
Glist'ring from its shell, and even,
The metal granule doth unfold!

From the neck to crown
Twinkles the sunbeam down.
E'en the neat device o'errunning
Praiseth high the graver's cunning.

Close in! close in!
Now, comrades all, attentive listen,
And form a ring the Bell to christen;
CONCORDIA shall be her name.
In heartfelt union may her summons
Full often cite the loving Commons.

Fulfil henceforth thy lord's decree,
The purpose of thy destiny!
On high—all earthly beings under—
'Neath Heaven's azure tent unfurl'd,
Vibrate, a neighbor of the thunder,
A borderer on the starlit world.
On high a voice for aye she raises,
Like yonder choir of purest stars,
That moving hymn their Maker's praises,
And lead around the circling years.

Gravest thoughts, not vague and vapid,
From her metal lips be spoke,
And glibly let her tongue so rapid
Tally Time with hourly stroke.
Her voice of Fate be always singing,
Thoughtless of self, and void of pain;
Watch and mark with ceaseless swinging
The checker'd game of life so vain.
And as her clang on th' ear dies sweetly,
And rattling tones to naught decay,
So let it teach, that time runs fleetly,
And all that's earthly fades away.

Now with cords of truest tension,
Heave the Bell from out her grave,
Mounting to her chiming mansion
In the heavenly realms to wave.
Heave it, heave it, raise!
Now she swings, she sways.
Bless the land and banish crime,
PEACE thy earliest jocund chime.

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I.

WATCH and pray! watch and pray!
Pilgrims on life's tearful way!
Strength ye need each fleeting hour,
While ye feel the tempter's power;
Watch and pray!
Faith shall turn the night to day.

II.

Hope and trust! hope and trust!
Child of sorrow! child of dust!
Place not here thy fond desire
But to heavenly things aspire!
See on high
Joys that ne'er will fade or die!

III.

Pray and fight! pray and fight!
Keep thine armor ever bright!
Soon thy trials shall be done,
Soon the crown of vict'ry won!
Watch and pray,
Looking for the better day.

IV.

Watch and pray! watch and pray!
Ye that seek the brighter ray!
Grace can all thy foes subdue,
Grace thy fainting strength renew!
Watch and pray!
Pilgrim on life's tearful way!

THE MAGNANIMITY OF THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

THE epithet narrow-minded, and its synonyms, are terms of great force and repulsiveness, and many a man would shrink from their application as he would from a criminal accusation. With the same class, no terms are more in vogue than high-minded, honorable, spirited, magnanimous and the like; and it seems to be assumed that between the qualities denoted and the principles of religion there is a chasm or a conflict. These persons cannot comprehend how a religion, which demands humility, meekness, self-abasement, should consist with nobleness and greatness of spirit. It is easy to see that impressions like these are calculated to oppose an almost impassable obstacle to religion in some directions—nor will it be doubted that many, especially among young men, have by this simple consideration been induced to refuse religion a hearing—and the blush of false shame has kindled upon the countenance of many a half-awakened person when he became aware that his seriousness was observed by his companions in folly.

It may be useful to many of the most interesting class of our readers to dispel this hurtful illusion, and to show that the religion of the gospel is designed and eminently adapted to cultivate the style of character which we denominate magnanimous; and that whoever fully submits his heart to the influence of true religion, and follows its leading, must acquire the noble and magnanimous character—must become great in the legitimate and proper sense of that oft-used and oft-abused word, and we shall beg especially the attention of young men to what we are about to offer on the subject.

But what is magnanimity? What are the elements of this everywhere admired, but so little understood quality? It implies and includes, among other things—1. A disposition to undertake great things, regardless of their difficulty. It belongs to minds of this order to modify, create or re-arrange the circumstances of their condition—to be not the slaves, but the lords of their circumstances, and to impress their own image upon the times, and upon the objects within the sphere of their influence, whether its boundaries be narrow or extended. 2. It belongs to the character we are considering to encounter danger with resolution, when some great and noble design can be promoted by it. We see this illustrated in the lives of such men as

Howard and Washington. Their greatness of spirit appeared not in the reckless exposure of their persons to danger and death, but in their calm reckoning that the objects they had in view were of sufficient magnitude and importance to justify any personal evils to which they might be exposed, and in their firm purpose to part with life itself, if that should be called for, in order to the achievement of their end. When war was raging between the Athenians and the Heraclidae, and the oracle predicted that the nation should conquer whose king died first, Codrus, king of the Athenians, disguised himself, went to the enemy's camp, sought a quarrel with a soldier, and was killed. This, though based upon superstitious belief, was the conduct of a great mind, surrendering the highest private interest for the public good. It was not court- ing death for its own sake, but as the apparent means of the safety of Athens. 3. Self-restraint and self-control in the proper circumstances enters largely into the character of true greatness. The greatness of Gen. Washington consisted very much in his wonderful self-control. He as often saved his country by not doing imprudent things, as by his most daring and valorous deeds. 4. Perseverance against difficulties and sufferings belongs to true greatness. This also is beautifully illustrated in the life of Washington. Many a man of far inferior greatness would willingly have entered the deadly breach, but few could endure steadfastly to the end the daily trial of patience. Such endurance is higher evidence and a surer test of greatness than even the surrender of life. Those deaths which a man dies daily, and survives only to die over again, are the most terrible, and demand the most patience. And, lastly, it is characteristic of true greatness to seek fellowship with the great. The story that Alexander the Great carried Homer's Iliad with him in all his journeyings, and slept with it under his pillow, is at least natural and probable. It was natural that the hero should make heroes his companions, that he should commune with their shades as they were made to pass before him in silent and solemn majesty by the magic of Homer. The desire of fellowship with kindred minds is so strong, that, if we cannot find them among actual existences, we create them, and please ourselves with ideal characters agreeing with our own, rather than herd with those,

with whom we have no common or kindred feelings.

Let us see how these elements of true greatness meet and operate in the Christian character. The Christian attempts great and difficult things. Self-acquaintance is one of these things. The ancients supposed the precept, "Know thyself," descended from heaven. It was a precept worthy of the gods. And if such was the dignity of the injunction, how not less dignified than difficult must we regard the attempt to obey it. Self-knowledge is spoken of in the Bible as exceedingly difficult. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it? And all experience shows that no attainment is so difficult as a thorough self-acquaintance. Yet this difficult work every Christian is attempting to perform. He has undertaken to explore, not the frozen regions of the earth, but the frozen and desolate recesses of his own soul. He has commenced tracing, not the sources of the Niger or the Nile, but the sources of those thoughts and feelings, which, instinct with immortality or death, flow from his heart into the daily conduct of life, a work worthy of the greatest mind, whether we regard its difficulty or its utility. We admire the intrepid nobleness of a Belzoni or a Mungo Park—the civilized world applauded their enterprise as honorable and large-minded—and yet, who needs arguments to convince him that it is a greater and more important enterprise thoroughly to explore and know oneself than to measure the pyramids or traverse continents. What are the ruins of matter compared with those of mind? what are cities overwhelmed, and monuments shaken down by the blasts of time, and continents turned to howling wastes, compared with the desolations of one immortal spirit?

But this is not all—the Christian endeavors to govern his own spirit, and we have inspired authority for saying, that he who does this is greater than he who takes a city. And why should it be thought a thing incredible that the government of one's own spirit, while it is one of the most difficult of all undertakings, is at the same time one of the noblest? There is no government so like God's as the government of mind. Mind!—it is that ethereal thing over which the gross machinery of human government hath no power—it is that invisible, ethereal thing, which eludes the touch, the gaze of mortals, and mocks the chains of leagued tyrants—it is that active and deathless thing, whose goings forth are to be for ever, and whose

thoughts like its fittest emblem, the light of heaven, overleap all boundaries, and spread everywhere—it is this, his own immortal spirit, the Christian undertakes to govern. And what, compared with this, is the government of a kingdom? What is that so much coveted distinction of having authority, of saying to one go, and to another come? What is there in all the parade and glitter of regal power, that equals the impressive majesty of a self-governed spirit, whose thoughts and affections, desires and passions, once wild as the tempest or restless as the sea, have been subdued, calmed, disciplined? What a pitiful vocation is that of the heroes of the world, of controlling and driving the mere brute force of unreflecting masses of men—and how princely and dignified his, whose kingdom is within, and whose subjects are his own thoughts and affections?

Observe another mark of greatness in the Christian's chosen fellowship. He selects his companions and friends from the intellectual and moral nobility of the universe. Alexander held fellowship with the heroes of Homer; Cæsar communed with the shade of Alexander—the poet, the painter, the sculptor, study the models of antiquity. The Christian studies David, Daniel, Isaiah, John, Paul, JESUS CHRIST. The moment religion enters the soul of any man, no matter how degraded his associations formerly, you find him immediately possessed of an affinity for the master spirits of the universe; and he who could once delight himself and be at home with the most debased of his species, rises to sit with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and communes with them as his elect and familiar friends. Nay, not contented yet, he pants after Deity itself, and rests not till like Enoch he *walks* with God, and has fellowship with the infinite and glorious Father of Spirits. Now what must be the character of a mind of such high and heavenly affinities, that, disdaining the low and mean associations of other men, ascends by a spontaneous and unquenchable preference to the very head and fountain of intellectual excellence. The apostle, speaking of Christians in mass and without exception, says, "We are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the first-born, and to God the judge of all." Now, nothing is easier than to interpose a sneer, or intimate a doubt, as if all this intercourse with holy beings and with God, existed only in the imagination of the Christian. And suppose we grant this—nay,

suppose we agree with the shameless atheist, that the God after whom the Christian pants, and the illustrious society of angels and spirits made perfect, have no existence but in the visionary and disordered conceptions of the Christian—still our point is gained. The character of greatness may be fearlessly assigned to the man, who can and does even *imagine* a scheme of fellowship so exalted and pure. If the Christian have not a divine warrant for his hope, he must have a divine fancy to give birth to such a splendid dream, and a divine purity to people the void realms of light with such resplendent specimens of moral excellence. In a word, if all religion be a fable, a vision of the night, what must be the mind that dreams it, that *imagines* a system, whose centre is God, and whose loyal subjects, related and endeared to each other by the ties of an eternal brotherhood, dwell in His presence and with each other for ever, amidst the beauties of holiness and the joys of endless progress and development?

The Christian shows the magnanimity of his principles in choosing a life of usefulness and devotion to the welfare of others. The gospel is a system of practical philanthropy. It is a proclamation of good will to man. It exhibits God as loving him, and it calls upon man to love his fellows, and like God to pity the miserable and the guilty; to live, and labor, and suffer, and, if need be, die for them. This is the spirit of the gospel and of every true follower of the Saviour. A fundamental principle of the gospel is, "None of us liveth to himself." Every Christian, whether in elevated or in humble life, in public or in private station, is designedly *living for his race*. He loves them, feels and prays for them, and according to his opportunity does what he can to bless the world, and make all men better and happier. There is a largeness of view, a boldness of purpose, a vastness of merciful enterprise in the Christian scheme of benevolence never approached before. Men, under the influence of patriotism, have died for their country—or, through natural sympathy, have wept over temporal wretchedness; but only religion expands and nerves the soul to survey a *world*, and ennobles it to live, and think, and *act* for the world's salvation. Where, among the great men of ancient times—where, among the mere statesmen or heroes of the earth, are they whose magnanimity and true greatness of soul can bear a moment's comparison with obscure individuals, who may be found in every

parish, bending their knees before God, and wrestling in prayers full of love and pity, and tender sympathy towards the vast family of man. There are immeasurably higher specimens of true greatness exhibited by many a poor widow who has but two mites in the world to bestow, than were any or all the men to whose names the epithet Great has been ostentatiously affixed. Some, indeed, may or do choose to regard the Christian scheme of benevolence visionary—but, again we say, it is the vision of a noble mind. We may say it was visionary and to no purpose that Leonidas planted himself with his devoted band in the pass of Thermopylæ to resist the overwhelming hordes that invaded his country. Yet it was unequalled nobleness of soul that prompted the unavailing sacrifice, and in all lands and generations the patriot, who reflects upon that sacrifice, finds his bosom glow with sublimer impulses and loftier resolves. And so of the Christian. Even if it should prove that all his plans, and efforts, and prayers avail nothing, still it is noble to launch his bark upon that wild and dreadful sea where human nature is wrecked, and attempt to grasp the perishing from the devouring deep. Pitying the far-off multitudes of guilty and dying men, thinking of their misery, and contriving for their welfare, temporal or eternal, the Christian, even if he should accomplish nothing valuable, shows a generosity of soul resembling His who came to seek and to save that which was lost. But Christian sympathy and effort are not in vain. It was not in vain that the apostles and early Christians went everywhere publishing the gospel. As they sounded it out through the world, provinces, people and kings awoke from the sleep of death, and came from their tombs to the fountain and the altar of the gospel. Christian effort for the world is not unavailing now. There are ransomed spirits now around the throne in heaven, who will for ever witness that the Christian did not pray in vain, even when the far-off heathen were the subjects of his plea with God. And new scenes are constantly opening on earth that attest the efficiency of Christian enterprise. In lands where, but a few years ago, unbroken solitude and darkness reigned, the people are reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Some rays of truth, some beams of the Sabbath, some dawns of heaven have entered their minds. There are green spots of earth where all was sterile—spots, on which the missionary has wept and labored, scattered everywhere, and

when we see the tender blade we think of the full and ripe ear, and the abundant harvest as not distant.

What a magnanimous heart and plan is that of the Christian! His field is the world. His plan contemplates a total moral revolution in the condition and destiny of his race. He is endeavoring to practise and to teach the great and comprehensive precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and by the prevalence of the law of love to establish happiness and peace on earth. He is working to extend through the earth the practical benevolence of the gospel, and by this simple means enlightens the ignorant, purifies the debased, and softens the obdurate; and when he dies, others, like-minded, take up the unfinished work, and carry it forward.

Enough has been said to show the magnanimity of the religious principle. The inference every one can draw for himself, that there is no reason to be ashamed of the gospel. The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor, says the wise man. True religion ennobles every soul that embraces it. Its entrance giveth light, and life, and dignity. Of what, then, in their religion should Christians be ashamed? It introduces and assimilates them to all the holy and good in the universe, God himself included, and is that a thing of which one should be ashamed? It teacheth the Christian to know and govern his own spirit, and is there anything so mean and pitiful in self-knowledge or self-control? It teaches the Christian that he is a citizen of the world, and inspires him with an interest in the welfare of all men, with a love to his race so strong that many waters cannot quench it. Is a blush called for by the con-

sciousness that he is thus related to and interested in the great family of man?

We beg our readers to accustom themselves to take just and large views of the spirit and aim of the Christian system. Professing Christians themselves have often done great injustice to the great and glorious system of the gospel. Some regard it as a system of abstract principles, cold and useless as icicles—a heartless creed—a bloodless, lifeless form—and in this view they have embraced and professed it. Some learn no other charity from the gospel than that which enlarges and strengthens their party; and some send the gospel out to beg this world's charities, instead of dispensing charity to the world, and thus have belittled and humbled it in the eyes of men, and produced those impressions noticed in the commencement of this article. We have not so learned the gospel. We embrace and love it as a heaven-devised scheme of philanthropy, a revelation of love, a system of humanity as well as of divinity of the most comprehensive character; and we believe and know that, by entering intelligently and cordially into the spirit and designs of the gospel, the mind is ennobled, our nature is exalted, raised to a higher order of excellence, and invested with true grandeur and glory.

The man who confessedly and entirely lives for himself is, by common consent, despised. Loving none, he is by none beloved; by none admired or openly imitated. And yet, disguise it as we may, every man is thus living who has not learned from the gospel the only true magnanimity, and imbibed the disinterested spirit of the Saviour of man.

NEMO.

THE DAHLIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Few plants have ever excited more general interest than the DAHLIA, and no exotic has been more universally or successfully cultivated. It is so generally a favorite, that we have been induced to present a plate of one of its varieties in the present number of our Magazine; and we take this opportunity to give a brief history of the plant, and to state a few facts concerning

it, which our readers may be interested to know.

The botanical name *Dahlia* was given to this genus in honor of the Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl, a pupil of the celebrated Linnæus. The propriety of this name has been disputed on account of its similarity to *Dalea*, a name previously given to a plant of an entirely differ-

ent character; and many botanists agreed to change the name to *Georgina*, in compliment to Georgi, a naturalist of some note. De Candolle, and other eminent botanists, whose opinions are worthy of respect, adopted the appellation, and many efforts have been made to establish it generally, but the original name had become too universal to be superseded.

The Dahlia is a native of the sandy plains of Mexico. A friend of the writer has often seen it growing in its native locality, and represents it as a bushy, herbaceous plant, seven or eight feet high, with single purple or blue flowers, by no means remarkable for its beauty. This genus was first discovered by Humboldt, but in what year we have no certain information. There are only three distinct species of this plant known to botanists—the *D. Coccinea*, *D. Cervantesii*, and *D. Variabilis*. The first two species are little cultivated. From the *Variabilis* nearly all the numerous varieties of the Dahlia at present known among florists, are produced.

About the year 1789, the Dahlia was introduced from Spain, where it had probably not been long cultivated, into England, but it is supposed to have been lost soon after its introduction. In 1804 some seeds were transmitted from the Royal Garden at Madrid to London; but it attracted very little notice till the year 1814, though it had been successfully cultivated in the Royal Gardens in Spain, France and

Germany. During the last few years, however, it has made rapid advances towards a state of perfection, in England and in the United States.

The varieties of the *Dahlia Variabilis* are almost innumerable, and each succeeding year is adding to the number. These varieties have all been the result of change of soil and climate, and a high state of cultivation. The most admired among them are all double, though, by the process of doubling, unlike most other plants, florists inform us that they are not entirely incapacitated from producing seed. The only sure method by which any kind can be reproduced is by the root. The seeds, should any be formed, will afford some new or uncertain variety. The same is true of the accidental varieties of any species whatever. Being the result of cultivation, and not the natural product of the plant, they are reproduced only from the root or from cuttings.

The numerous varieties of the Dahlia are the glory of our gardens in the autumn, and at that season of the year they are unrivalled by any of their companions. Mr. Wilson, of the city of Albany, who has been extensively engaged as a florist for nearly twenty years, and who has accumulated much valuable information respecting the culture of plants, informs us that a dry yellow loam is the soil best adapted to the Dahlia—that being the soil in which it grows naturally in Mexico and Brazil.

POWER OF HABIT.

BY REV. T. S. CLARKE.

"I WISH I had known in early life what my habits of thought and action then forming, were going to do with me in after life." So said a man of forty-five to me a few days since, speaking aloud and with emphasis what all men feel, though they do not choose as frankly to confess. But if this be the general feeling, when the fruits of habit come to maturity, why should not such information be given to young men, as will save them from these painful regrets, and from making the same shipwreck of their hopes for the future?

What is Habit? and what is there in it, that gives it such power over the movements of the soul, as to make the man of forty-five "wish" that he had better understood its nature during the forming period of his life? Habit may be defined, *the state of feeling and action formed by the repetition of the same train of thought, and the same courses of conduct.* The feelings which are excited and fostered by the associations of business, of neighborhood and companionship, are of course wearing deeper the channel in which they flow, till at length they

become fixed, giving an unalterable character to the soul. This is habit; and this is the way in which it is formed.

We often hear of minds *disciplined* to certain modes of thinking; of men, who have gained a mastery over themselves, so that their thoughts are at their command, and run in such directions, as work out the most useful results. But such self-command is not gained without much painstaking for that purpose. Yet no young man is safe, till he has acquired this power. Till then, he is not so rooted and grounded in principle, as not to be blown about by the gusts of passion and temptation. To put the young in possession of this power is a leading object of the schools: it is also a leading object of the Word, and Providence, and Spirit of God. It is to form in them the habit of thinking and acting for themselves, and of thinking and acting correctly. It is believed, however, that few minds comparatively, *are* thus disciplined: that most men are governed rather by impulse—led about by mere feeling—averse to patient thought—and guided in every movement by present inclination; and thus in middle life and in old age are left to mourn that they had not better understood the subject in the elastic period of their youth.

Now what we say is, that the young man, whatever be the habits of his mind, whether disciplined or vagrant, whether thoughtful or thoughtless, needs, as his safeguard against the attacks of temptation, to understand, and to be greatly impressed by the understanding, that the channel of his thoughts is daily becoming deeper, that his feelings and courses of conduct are fast ripening into habit, rendering it in the end as morally difficult to change them, as it is physically for the "Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots."

This is one of those facts in our moral constitution, upon which the Bible lays peculiar stress; and it is one, too, which accords with the philosophy of the human mind. Hence it is, that the Scriptures insist so strongly on a remembrance of God in the days of our youth—on seeking him *early* in life; on consecrating to him the *dew* of our youth;—and on the exercise of repentance, as soon as the mind opens to the knowledge of sin. The reason is, that *then* is the seed-time of life—the *spring* season of your probationary period; and that all which succeeds, is for the *growth* of whatever was sown in youth. In childhood, the blade of the future character shoots up from the soil of the heart; then comes the ear; and after that, in

the period of manhood, the full corn in the ear. There is thus a regular growth of whatever propensities or feelings are cherished at the outset of life; and the strength of man's character, whether good or bad, consists in this growth. And it is for this reason, that the Book of God speaks with such earnestness to the young as to the importance of settling their hearts in the great principles of truth and righteousness.

We have said that all this accords with the philosophy of the human mind. There is a young man sitting at his desk, and striving to overcome that obstacle to his advancement in knowledge, which consists in mental indolence or vagrancy. He finds it difficult at first to concentrate his thoughts on the subject before him; his mind, ere he is aware, is off the track, and wandering like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth. Now upon the question, whether, at that sitting, his mind shall be steadily held on the point before him, till it is reached, or whether its disposition to wander shall succeed, more depends perhaps than he is aware; for a mastery over his thoughts on that one occasion may be the conquest, on which all his future victories depend. So if the *vagrant* tendencies of his mind shall prevail; if his aversion to patient thought, till the lesson before him is learned, shall succeed, it will of course give strength to mental indolence, and darken the prospect of success at the next trial. Now this yielding of effort to the claims of sloth, or aversion to mental labor repeated a few times, grows into a habit; and then the youth comes out of his school not only unlearned, but with habits, that render it certain that he *never will* learn.

There is another young man, whose imagination is beginning to revel amidst the licentious pictures, which it has conjured up, prompted thereto by the growing depravity of his heart. Who can tell how much depends on his repelling or cherishing the first suggestions of this kind? Who does not see that, if on their first entrance, he rises, in the fear of God, and from a regard to the purity of his character, and drives them out, there is every reason to hope, that he will do it again and again, until purity becomes the settled law of his soul? At each time of successful resistance, he gains of course in strength to fight succeeding battles, till at length the enemy, often vanquished, retires from the field; and then the current of his feelings will not only be pure, but will have worn a channel too deep to be easily diverted.

But should the licentious tendencies prevail; should his imagination be permitted to exert its mysterious power in bringing before his mind such pictures as excite and feed the impure passions of the heart, who does not see that the certain effect will be to infuse the views of licentiousness into every part of his soul, and give it a *settled* tendency to sensual gratifications, and that this law of action, once established, will gain in power by every act of yielding to its demands, till the man, "having eyes full of adultery, cannot cease from sin," till his heart becomes "the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird?" And then in a world so corrupt as this, the polluted imagination will always be acted upon from without, by the books that are read, and by the objects which meet the eye, giving it fresh power to excite and draw out the feelings of the foul spirit within, and thus to strengthen the bond of iniquity.

The force of habit may be further illustrated by the article of *reading*. That the character of our reading will be determined by our habitual thoughts will not of course be doubted. The giddy, pleasure-loving youth will no more be attracted by the grave pages of history, and science, and religion, than the eagle will be tempted from the skies to dabble in the mud below. The child loves the story book; and this disposition fostered, gains in strength, and as everything about him is full of excitement, and the world has all the charm of novelty, how strongly must all this tend to form the habit of light, fictitious reading. At length he attains the period of his youth. Then comes the trial so decisive in its influence on the character of his after life—whether he will bear and submit to the curb of growing responsibility; whether his reason and judgment shall predominate over passion and imagination;—

whether the reading, which once so delighted him, shall give place to that which informs the mind, and strengthens its powers of reflection, and prepares for a life of usefulness. And here it is that many fail. The books selected are often such as address the imagination, and help to pass away the vacant hour. Whether any of the young, who may read these pages, are of this number, may be ascertained by the following test. You stand before a case of books, seeking for a volume with which to occupy a little leisure time which you can spare from your regular business. Your eye, in scanning over the title pages, observes here the biography of one who lived well, and has gone to his reward. There stands a volume of history; there "Cowper's Task;" there Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and there in that corner a sprightly novel. Now will not the prevailing mood of your mind be indicated by the book which you shall select, inasmuch as your habitual feelings will determine the character of your reading? And will not your reading then and afterwards foster and strengthen the habit of your mind, whatever it may be? All this goes to illustrate the *force and growth* of habit, and to prove that everything in our daily business associations is wearing deeper the channel of thought and feeling, and strengthening the original, uncorrected tendencies of the soul.

We say, then, that the young man who desires to have a pleasant old age, and to gain a place in Heaven, should dread, as the greatest evil that can befall him, the formation of an evil habit. The question of the prophet should ever ring in his ears, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may they, who have been *accustomed* to do evil, learn to do well!"

VAIN IMAGINATION.

THERE are two worlds—the world of fact and the world of fancy, and the most of us prefer to live in the latter; in other words, it is our too common folly to live under the influence of a vain imagination, a wilful, wanton, riotous fancy, that leads but to bewilder, and dazzles but to blind—that daily warps our judgment,

and in secret, silent prodigality wastes our being; that perpetually arrays in deceitful shapes and false coloring the world of realities around us; that gives to airy visions and emptiness the power that belongs to substantial things, and to substantial things assigns the character of airy visions.

Our childhood is a succession of lively and pleasant dreams—it is spent in imagining what we will be, not in considering what we are; in visions of the future, in dreamy hopes and longings, that find no fulfilment in the progress of life, no counterpart in our actual history. Our youth is beguiled with the same illusions. The rattle, drum, or doll is no sooner laid aside, than the young man or maiden falls to dreaming or castle-building among the clouds in anticipation of the scenes of maturity. See that young girl. She is thinking who will be her husband, when she will be solicited for her hand and heart, when, and where, and how she is to be settled in the world. Or, perhaps she is already engaged, and seems quite thoughtful as she plies that busy needle, or moves around her mother's dwelling adjusting household matters. The very tune she is humming is a serious, thoughtful sort of tune. And what are her thoughts? Oh! she is thinking of the happy time when she shall become her own mistress, in her own pleasant house, and manage things her own way, which after all always seemed to her the best way. She spends hours in thinking about her bridal dress, about the furniture in her future dwelling, and about all the details of her married condition. She is gazing into the vista of the future, and sketching with the rapidity of thought, and in the brightest colors, the plans of enjoyment and happiness, and fondly dreams of pleasures that are probably never to be realized. Is not her imagination vain and vagrant? Is she not often beguiled from present duty by these constant roving of her mind among the uncertainties and improbabilities of the future? Is it not a serious bar to present improvement to have a heart which, instead of being occupied with present responsibility, is fluttering with the deceitful hopes, and swelled with the illusive prospects of an hereafter that may never arrive to her; which, instead of being occupied with the duties of to-day, is thinking only of the duties and enjoyments of that new condition in life, upon which she expects by and by to enter, and which condition itself will prove to be nothing but plain prose after all her poetical dreams about it.

The young man is looking forward to a time, when he shall have amassed riches, or gathered honors, or risen to distinction, and while away his hours in sketching the details of a life he is never to live, and the particulars of an experience he is never to realize. In his dreams he is a merchant prince, or a scholar, or a statesman, or a warrior—in his actual experience

and history, in his actual life, he never approaches either.

But do only children and young people dream day-dreams, and sport themselves in the world of fancy? Ah! ask that decrepid old man, as he sits in that old family arm-chair, and shifts from side to side his worn-out body, with the aid of his almost worn out crutch, rubbing his numb joints, and trying to get an easy position for that rheumatic limb. Ask him if he has made up his account for eternity, and has set his house in order, and is only waiting to die. While you are asking such questions he is putting on his spectacles to look you right in the face, and see what you mean. He is not the dying man you take him to be. He is better to-day than he has been for weeks. True, he is old, three score and ten, but old as he is, his expectation is to live and not die. He hears the death-watch ticking in the window casement, and thinks it may be a sign that his favorite grandchild will not recover—and sometimes he is afraid that he will be left alone in the world. Thus he dreams and dozes, and lives sometimes in the past and sometimes in the future, till dotage and darkness creep over his senses, and the last heart-string breaks, and his dream is over.

There is another class of persons who live in the world of fancy—they are of the sombre, melancholy cast, with diseased minds, that look mainly at the dark side of things, that see misery in every face, and dark shades in every sunlit picture of beauty, that snuff wretchedness in every balmy breeze, to whose ear the very music of nature is the discord of sadness and woe. Sometimes a diseased body gives this tone to the mind—sometimes it is the result of constitutional melancholy, and sometimes it ensues from chagrin, disappointment, or oft-repeated personal affliction. Their estimate of the world is, that it is "all a fleeting show for man's illusion given;" and they look upon the busy world of men around them as so many phantoms and shadows. Such persons may consider their imaginations as sober, chastened. They are deceived. The busy crowds are not mere phantoms and shadows. They are real men and women. They have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms. Every one of them is the substantial workmanship of God, and the heir of immortality. And there are duties owing by us to them, and by them to us, that are substantial and momentous duties. And this world is not all a fleeting show for man's illusion given. He who thinks so is as

vain in his imagination as he who makes this world his god and his heaven. This world is a beautiful world, and an important world. It is a school in which we are taught the manifold wisdom, goodness and mercy of God. It is a field, in which we are all sowing that which we shall also reap in eternity. It is a race-course where we are all contending for an immortal prize, while God and a cloud of witnesses look on, and cheer our exertions. A gloomy, morose fancy wrongly colors the world, as much so and as injuriously as they who make it their all, and set upon it their chief affections. It is not only an idle fancy, but a mischievous one that we are now depicting. To a man of this temper every evil is aggravated, and every sweet that a bountiful God provides is tinged with bitterness. Is he placed in some post of usefulness—he sinks into sluggish inactivity overborne by the discouragements which his gloomy imagination has conjured up. Is he afflicted—it seems to him that his trials are more rigorous and unmitigated than those of any other man. Is he blessed with health and friends—he deems these blessings of small account since they are liable to removal at any moment. Does he review the past—he remembers only his vexations. Does he anticipate the future—he is filled only with forebodings of evil. He walks through the world like a school-boy walking after nightfall through a grave-yard. The wings of his fancy are dark as the raven's, and her notes as doleful as the owl's. Let such a man shun his own vain and gloomy imagination as his worst and most potent enemy.

A common instance of a vain fancy is found in the experience of what are sometimes called sentimental Christians. Such cases abound among us. They have the theory of a benevolent Christianity without the practice. They imagine how Christian zeal and charity should operate, and how they would display those graces, if they were only in circumstances, and possessed of the talents requisite to such display. One individual thinks what he would do were he an eloquent and gifted preacher. Another thinks that if he was as rich as some men, how largely he would give of his substance. In general, these are vain and deceitful imaginations, and there is an easy and simple way of testing them. We put this question. Are you an active, laborious, self-denying, liberal Christian in the sphere you actually occupy? and if not, we say neither would you be in the sphere you have imagined. He that hid

his one talent, did it not because it was only one talent, but because he was slothful; and if he had had five or ten talents he would have done the same. He that will not serve God diligently in a private, obscure station, would not serve him in a public one. He that will not give of his poverty, would not from right motives give of his abundance, and if he think otherwise, he is deceived by a vain imagination. And this we fear is unfortunately the case with many professing Christians at the present day. They imagine they are Christians, not because they are actually bearing the fruits of righteousness, but because they think they would bear them in somewhat different circumstances.

We mention, lastly, the influence of a vain fancy upon the mind of the unconverted. Here the fatal delusion is the imaginary inconvenience and difficulty of seeking religion now, and the supposed facilities that may be enjoyed at a future day. A mind somewhat anxious about religion, yet not firmly resolved to attend to it now, is just in a state to imagine difficulties that have no existence, and to magnify difficulties that do exist. Such a person imagines that all eyes are upon him; that the finger of scorn and the sneer of ridicule will be directed to him; that if he attempt a Christian life he will fail, that his pleasures in this world will all be gone; that his business will be interfered with, and that he will be abandoned by his old and dear companions. And then it seems to him it will be so much easier by and by when his affairs are forwarded a little, and he is somewhat settled in the world. He imagines it will then not be near so formidable an undertaking, and he feels clear that many serious difficulties, now in the way, will then be removed; and blinded by a deceitful fancy, he drops the subject, relapses into carelessness, and while the thunders of Sinai are yet rumbling over his head, rejoins the world and yields to its influence, and if occasionally his mind reverts to the subject, his imagination brightens the future and darkens the present and accepted time. The present passes away, and that bright future never comes. But death comes, and finds the miserable dreamer unprepared. To the last he heeds the song of the syren, and trusts her promise of a propitious to-morrow; and not till he is lost does he see that his own vain imagination has betrayed him, and sealed his irrevocable doom, and while she has lost for him his soul, has lost her own power to brighten futurity and throw a deceitful charm over the lost man's to-morrow.

Thus the world dreams—childhood amid its

playthings—the young man absorbed in business, and the young maiden with matrimony—grey-haired decrepitude with its crutch and rheumatism—the melancholy man looking at the world through smoked glasses—the sentimental Christian with his abortive goodness, and the delaying sinner chasing to-morrow and never overtaking it—these all dream as fancifully and almost as fatally the one as the other. None of them sees the world just as it is. None of them sees *himself* just as *he* is. A vain imagination has thrown a deceitful splendor over some objects, and a deceitful shade over others, and we walk in a mist and a vain show. Realities are turned into shadows and shadows into realities. Great things dwindle to littleness, and little things wax great; and all objects, temporal and eternal, are thrown out of place and out of proportion.

Let us then inquire where we are spending our probation,—in the world of realities, or in the realm of fiction and fancy. Are we looking honestly in the face of things as they are? Is there no reason to fear that our views of truth

and duty, and our estimate of this world and of the world to come, are biased and colored by our own vain, idle and corrupt imagination. Reader, the fever of life will soon be past, delusion and the reign of a vain imagination will soon be over, and the searching sun-light of eternal truth will beam clear and bright through the whole creation, and reveal all objects in their true character. The mists and vapors of earth and time shall flee away. Things that have been magnified shall dwindle, and things that were diminished shall expand into their proper greatness and majesty. Dreaming times will be over. The wand of the sorcerer's fancy shall be consumed in the fires of the last day. Then, O vain dreamer, as thou awakest and lookest out with undeceived eye upon the revelations of eternity's broad daylight, what dost thou see? Thou seest that thy castles were thin clouds—thy coveted possessions fleecy vapor—that every promise of thy vain imagination was a lie, and every hope based thereon a spider's web.

X. Y.



THE OLIVE TREE.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Among the vast multitude and variety of those beautiful productions of nature, which are found in almost every part of the earth, perhaps none has more beautiful or sacred associations connected with it than the OLIVE TREE. The gigantic oak rears its noble branches, and, exposed to the storms of centuries, may teach a lesson of endurance; the stately elm, the ever-

lasting cedar, the willow, consecrated to the hallowed associations of the departed—these, and others, all have their beauties and their purposes: to adorn the landscape, to refresh the weary with their over-spreading branches and delightful shade, or to yield their rich returning stores of luscious fruits—but few have been made so eminent as that under notice.

This tree has given its name to the order of the Oleaceæ, and its specific name is the *Olea Europea*. It flourishes only in warm and comparatively dry parts of the world, as the south of France and Spain, Italy, Sicily, Syria, and the north of Africa. The oil, which is extracted from the fruit of this tree, is an article of diet, and becomes a source of much profit to those countries in which it flourishes.

"The cultivated tree is of a moderate height the trunk is knotty, the bark is smooth and of an ash color, the wood is solid and yellowish, the leaves are oblong and resemble those of the willow, of a green color, dark on the upper side and white on the under side. In the month of June it puts out white flowers that grow in bunches—each flower is of one piece, widening upwards, and dividing into four parts. After the flower succeeds the fruit, which is oblong and plump. First green, then pale, and lastly, black when it is quite ripe. The wild olive differs in being smaller in all its parts."

The Greeks, whose mythology is so full of the most extravagant conceptions, have shown their esteem for the Olive by the following mystic legend:—After Ogyges, the earliest monarch of Attica, succeeded Cecrops, in whose time the gods first began to choose favorite spots among the dwellings of men; or, as it has been said to signify, to be worshipped in particular communities and localities. Among the deities, Minerva and Neptune disputed for the possession of Attica, and their contending claims were to be settled by the priority of occupation. Neptune asserted his right, because he had planted his trident on the Acropolis at Athens before Minerva claimed possession. He pointed to it, and to the salt spring which had issued from the fissure he had made for the reception of the trident. In reply to this, Minerva contended that she had taken earlier possession, and triumphantly pointed to the olive, which had sprung from the soil at her command, and was growing near the fountain, which Neptune had caused to flow from the rock. The twelve gods decided in favor of Minerva—whether from a conviction that the claim was valid, owing to priority of occupancy, or from gallantry, we may entertain our own opinion—for the gods, having been mortals, could not have lost their respect for the rights and claims of the goddess!

Another version of this instructive myth is that the two rivals, disputing who should give a name to the city of Athens, it was decided by the gods that the preference should be given to

the deity who presented the best gift to mankind. Neptune struck the shore with his wonder-working trident, upon which a horse sprang up before him, while Minerva produced the olive tree. The goddess was awarded the prize: for it was adjudged that peace, of which the olive is the emblem, is incomparably better than war, of which the horse is the representative.

But the most sacred associations, connected with the olive tree, are to be found in the Scriptures. The first mention, which is made of it, is in Gen. viii. 11, where it is stated that the dove, which Noah had sent forth, returned, and "Lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." With what feelings must Noah have received the green and beautiful token of peace! Millions of beings, since he had last seen one such, had disappeared—while himself and his family alone remained of all the families of the earth! Expression would fail, and utterance be dumb, in the effort even to indicate the swelling, overpowering emotions which he must have experienced.

An instructive allusion is made to the olive in the speech of Jotham after the successful conspiracy of Abimelech. He said, "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said to the olive, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?' (Judges ix. 8.) How well would it be were the lesson, taught by the olive tree, to be more carefully studied, and the example more faithfully imitated by all who profess to 'honor God and man.'"

To avoid prolixity in this brief illustration of the various associations which cling around the olive, mention will not be made of several interesting points in both its natural and sacred history. The beauty of its appearance adds much to the landscape, while its "fatness" makes it truly one of the best gifts from heaven to man, and would almost seem to render it worthy to take the place assigned it by Jotham, or to be coupled with the sacred honors of a people who "in all things were too superstitious."

The language of the inspired poet has compared the olive tree to a scene of domestic bliss, which draws around the heart the tender associations of home with renewed force. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord:" "Thy children shall be like olive plants around thy table." This and other passages, in which the

richness, fruitfulness and beauty of the olive are mentioned, seem to point it out as an object of peculiar interest in the sacred writings. In the book of the Revelation the two witnesses are compared to the two olive trees standing before the throne of God.

Universally has it been regarded as the emblem of PEACE, and as such has been admired and cherished in the associations of every nation. Had the emblem been carried in the hands of warriors, or had Peter the hermit carried it instead of his crucifix, an Alexander or an Attila, a Hannibal or a Scipio, a Napoleon or a Wellington sheathed their swords, and met with this sacred symbol in their hands, the bosom of our mother earth would have been less nourished with the blood of slaughtered millions, and fewer pangs been felt, and fainter sighs been heard, and fewer hopes been withered before the wasting, scathing sirocco of human passion and ambition.

But the hopeful, ardent, trusting believer in divine truth looks to a calmer day, when the influence of PEACE shall fall like the gracious droppings of divine love upon the soul, and cause a warring world to "bend their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." How beautifully has Pollock written:—

"All nations came
Flocking like doves. Columbia's painted tribes,
That from Magellan to the Frozen Bay,
Beneath the Arctic dwelt, and drank the tides
Of Amazona, prince of earthly streams;
Or slept at noon beneath the giant shade
Of Andes' mount; or roving northward, heard
Niagara sing, from Erie's billow down
To Frontenac, and hunted thence the fur
To Labrador. And Afric's dusky swarms,
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,
And drank the Niger from his native wells,
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves;

Calimenes, Circassians, Banyans, tender race!
That sweet the insects from their paths, and lived
On herbs and fruits; the Greek redeemed
From Turkish thrall; the Spaniard came, and Gaul:

And Britain with her ships; and on his sledge
The Laplander, that nightly watched the bear
Circling the pole; and those who saw the flames
Of Hecla burn the drifted snow; the Ruse,
Long whiskered, and equestrian Pole; and those
Who drank the Rhine, or lost the evening sun
Behind the Alpine towers; and she that sat
By Arno, classic stream, Venice and Rome,
Head-quarters long of sin, first guileless now,
And meaning as she seemed, stretched forth her hands.
The East, the West, the South, the snowy North,
Rejoicing met, and worshipped reverently
Before the Lord in Zion's holy hill;
And all the places round about were blest.

The animals, as once in Eden, lived
In peace; the wolf dwelt with the lamb; the bear
And leopard with the ox; with looks of love
The tiger and the scaly crocodile
Together met, at Gambia's palmy wave;
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song
Singing arose, and visited the sun;
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
The little child leaped from his mother's arms,
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled unburnt
Among his speckled waves, and wished him home.
And sauntering school-boys, slow returning, played
At eve about the lion's den, and wove
Into his shaggy mane fantastic flowers;
To meet the husbandman, early abroad,
Hasted the deer, and waved his woody head;
And round his dewy steps, the hare unscared
Sported, and toyed familiar with his dog;
The flocks and herds o'er hill and valley spread,
Exulting, cropped the ever-ludding herbs;
The desert blossomed, and the barren sung;
Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love,
Among the people walked—Messiah reigned,
And earth kept jubilee a thousand years!"

Thus will the earth, renewed in all its beauty and brightness of a new moral creation, lose its burden of sorrow, and hatred, and injustice; and fair, as when on the morning of its primeval loveliness it was pronounced "very good" by the word of its Omnipotent Creator, and the morning stars sang together in the contemplation of the enchanting and exquisite scene, it will be prepared for that glorious time when, like a bride richly adorned, it will wait for Him who gave it its place among the rolling spheres. Then will each one be enabled to say, in the language of the inspired poet, "I am like a green olive tree in the house of the Lord."

THE MINSTREL.

COMPOSED FOR THE PARLOR MAGAZINE.

The songs of

Zi - - on oft im - part To this poor la - b'ring, care-worn heart, The

balm of heav'n-ly peace; They chase a-way each bod-ing fear, And turn to

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single treble staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems, each with piano and voice parts. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

joy each sor-row'ng tear, And bid the tu-mult cease, And bid the tumult

Cres. P. F. Dim.

cease.

F. Dim.

SECOND VERSE.

'Tis not the rhapsody of song
By taste inspired, or genius strong,
Or excellence of skill,
Nor the display of music's power,
To charm some vacant, weary hour,
That can my bosom fill.

THIRD VERSE.

Give me that music of the lyre,
That bids each earthly wish expire,
And lifts the thoughts on high;
That fills the soul with heavenly love,
And bids her a rich foretaste prove
Of treasures in the sky.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

WE have a parlor table; and why should we not show the reader some of its ornaments? Our friends, the book-makers, sometimes think of us when they bring something very beautiful before the public eye, knowing that to our taste the brightest ornament of the parlor is the virtuous and enlightened mind.

"*The Wives of England*," by Mrs. Ellis, published by the Appletons, is a charming volume, which the wives of America would do well to read and heed. "*The Daughters of England*," by the same pen, is full of sweet counsel, the words of which are well chosen, and our young women will be delighted and instructed by its perusal.

"*The Records of the Heart*," is the beautiful title of a delicate volume of poetry by Mrs. Lewis of Troy. Her heart is tender, and she feels for those who, like her, are born to make verses.

"It is a mournful task to scan the fate,
The wretchedness and bitter suffering,
And calumny and wo and wrong and hate,
The thousand pangs the tender bosoms wring,
Of those whom fate or fame hath forced to sing:
Sad, solitary, shivering here they stay,
For ever panting for some purer spring
Of light, but drinking no congenial ray,
Until they quench their thirst at founts of heavenly day."

"*The Pious Thoughts of Fenelon*," should be on the table of every lover of devotional reading. Shepard of Broadway has issued an elegant edition of it in silk and gilt. What a spirit for a great man, breathes in these words; "Keep me, O my God! for ever in the order of thy little ones, to whom thou revelest thy mysteries, whilst thou hidest them from the wise and prudent of the world."

A neat little volume from Dodd's, at the Brick Church Chapel, called the "*Book that will Suit You*," lies on a corner of our table, and all that drop in, pick it up and find a page that pleases them and was made for them. Reader, the book "will suit you."

Here we have "*Songs for the Sabbath*," and the "*Harp with a Sabbath Tone*," sweet gatherings of songs that we have loved, some of them from childhood.

"The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see:
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.

How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God."

But the very gem of our table is "*Mary Lundie Duncan*." Have you read her memoirs? Perfection we seek not out of Heaven; but if talents, beauty, education, and a quiet spirit tuned to the melody of social love, are traits that win all hearts, then was Mary all that love asks. Mr. Carter publishes the book, and if it is not on your parlor table, reader, one ornament is yet wanting.

In an English periodical just received we find these sweet lines, that must finish this number of the Magazine.

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth.
MRS. NOSTOS."

Love on, love on—the soul must have a shrine,
The rudest breast must find some hallow'd spot;
The God who form'd us left no spark divine,
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand,
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand.
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud;
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure,
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words,
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echo'd by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious and shall still love on.

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Painted by G. Kneller

Engraved by J. G. & T. P. Neill

*Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am
no more worthy to be called thy son*

Engraved for the Christian Visitor Magazine



Rosa rugosa